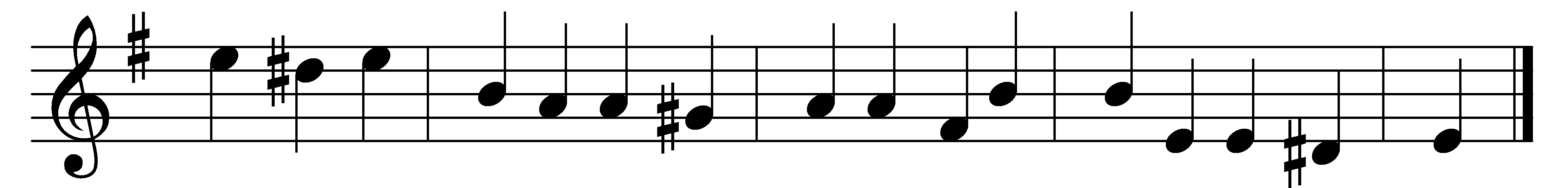
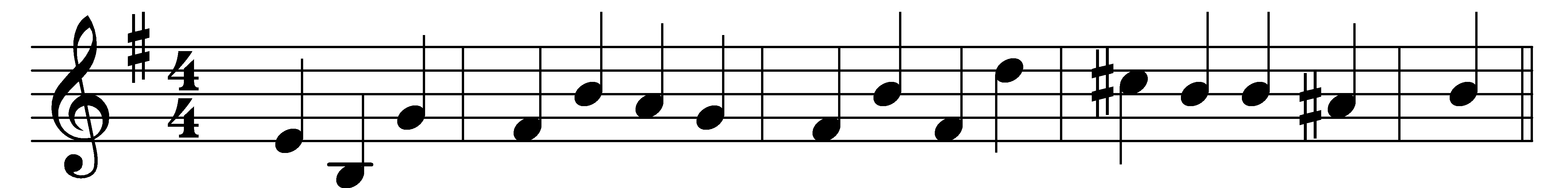
Nature with open volume stands Hymnal 1982 no. 434 Melody: Eltham L.M.



Nature with open volume stands

to spread her Maker’s praise abroad

and every labor of his hands

shows something worthy of a God.

But in the grace that rescued man

his brightest form of glory shines;

here, on the cross, ’tis fairest drawn

in precious blood and crimson lines.

Here his whole Name appears complete;

nor wit can guess, nor reason prove

which of the letters best is writ,

the power, the wisdom, or the love.

Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross

where Christ my Savior loved and died!

Her noblest life my spirit draws

from his dear wounds and bleeding side.

I would for ever speak his Name

in sounds to mortal ears unknown,

with angels join to praise the Lamb

and worship at his Father’s throne!

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Music: Melody by Nathaniel Gawthorn (18th century), harmony by Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876)